

**The Evening World**  
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## The Man Higher Up.

.... By Martin Green ....

**The Coterie of Public Men Who Would Die of Joy if Cartoons Were Abolished.**

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that old Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, advises that when a newspaper prints anything about a man that the man don't like it should be an overture to the slaughter of an editor."

"There are many men in public life who think the same as the vaudeville Governor of Pennsylvania," responded The Man Higher Up, "but few of them have the nerve to say so. If a bill to muzzle the press should become operative in this State there would be celebrations in Albany and around the City Hall that would make the eyes of the populace pop out a few lines."

"Look at our old friend, Timothy Eliaworth, with his anti-cartoon bill. He was a Reub and showed it, a type of the 'boob' legislator who thinks that because a few thousand

people in a remote part of the State send him to Albany at the request of some boss he is a sort of a cupola on the Capitol. But the sentiment against the freedom of the press is not confined to the Reubs.

"There is Senator Tom Grady for instance, a New Yorker from the Bowery. His attitude toward the newspapers of this town is the attitude of a hydrophobia patient toward a bucket of water. He don't keep his feelings under cover, either. It is reported in Albany that he will introduce a bill this winter providing that the arms of all cartoonists be amputated at the elbows."

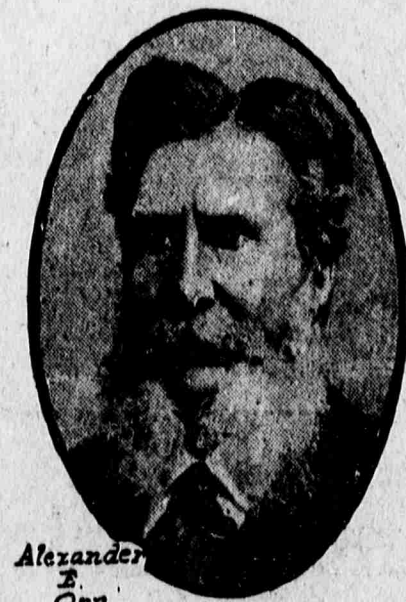
"To muzzle the press as the Pennypackers, Eliaworths and Gradys would like to do would be the signal for the adoption of the platform of the Whitechapel Club of Chicago for the time they ran Grizzly Adams for Mayor—No gas, no water, no police!"

"I thought that public men were always trying to butt into print," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"Not always," explained The Man Higher Up. "When a boy runs away from school, does he go home and tell his parents about it?"

**ON THE PUBLIC'S SERVICE**  
The EVENING WORLD will print here every day an Editorial on some important popular Need

## No More Bird Cages or Stepladders!



Alexander F. Orr

PRESIDENT LITTLETON'S special committee appointed to consider Brooklyn's transit troubles has yielded nicely to the B. R. T. influences in its make-up, and announces that it will confine its energies to procuring better bridge terminals. President Littleton reports that President Orr of the Rapid Transit Commission will help to solve the problem and everybody is happy.

But how will Mr. Orr help? Steps were long ago authorized to take possession of the property between North William street and Chambers street, but they seem to have been side-tracked in favor of the B. R. T. plan to make a switching yard of City Hall Park and a loop-the-loop game in Centre street. No one else wants this. No one else will have it.

In the closing days of the Low administration Mr. William Barclay Parsons, then chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission, proposed a comprehensive subway loop connecting the two bridges. What has become of it? This and nothing else will do. Then there will be real relief and real rapid transit.

But no more bird cages in Park Row and no more stepladders in the streets. The subway has demonstrated its value beyond question.

The interfering interests must get out of the way. This is the People's Business!

## The McIntyre Flat.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

MRS. MCINTYRE was elected honorary chairman of the Ladies' Aid Society for the propagation of Shaving Mugs Among the Cannibals. It was a worthy object and that gentle lady worked with a zeal which ranked in an unprecedented array of shekels for the Cause. As a culminating stroke of genius, she got up an entertainment at the Flat, where (for the insignificant sum of \$5 per) 300 charitable auditors were treated to renditions of "Dooley's First Five O'Clock Tea," "Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest," "A Cannibal Epitaph," Kingsley's "Last Buccaneer," and an original poem by a man whose missionary zeal had been eaten by New Guinea cannibals.

The entertainment was a tremendous success. At its close Mrs. McIntyre made a pretty little speech on the crying need of shaving mugs for cannibals; and a collection plate was passed around. Now, Mr. McIntyre, seated in the fourth row, saw the man directly in front of him put a ten cent piece in the plate, while a benevolent-looking woman next to this piker-giver sweetened the pot with a bright, new, crisp, crinkly \$20 bill. Altogether, the collection aggregated to \$20.11; the donor of the additional cent remaining modestly anonymous.

Next evening a man called at the McIntyre flat and demanded an audience with Mrs. McIntyre. McIntyre was present at the interview and at a glance recognized the visitor as the giver of the 10-cent piece.

"I called," began the stranger nervously, "to rectify a mistake. I was at last night's entertainment and was so moved by the eloquence of the plea for the unshaven cannibals that I decided to drop a \$10 bill into the plate. In my confusion, however, I find I dropped a \$20 bill by mistake. I could afford to give \$10, but \$20 would leave me broke. I therefore beg that you will

## The Cause of Sweet Charity Gets an Unexpected Impetus.

Give me back my \$20 and let me donate \$10, as I originally intended." McIntyre took a leisurely survey of the worthy man with a view of discovering the most convenient spot to grab him, preparatory to dropping him down the five flights that yawned between the McIntyre flat and old terra firma. (The McIntyres lived on the fifth floor merely because there was no sixth.)

But a warning glance from Mrs. McIntyre's watchful eye deterred his homicidal purpose, and he sat mute, as a well-broken husband should.

"Certainly I will rectify the mistake," she agreed kindly. "As only one \$20 bill was dropped into the plate that one must be yours. Here it is. Is that the one you put in?"

The visitor's eye lighted eagerly at sight of the bill she produced. "That's the very one!" he cried. "I swear to it anywhenever!"

"Then," pursued Mrs. McIntyre, "if you'll give me the \$10 you originally intended I will restore this \$20 bill to you at once."

The exchange was quickly effected and the stranger bowed himself out with effusive expressions of gratitude.

"You lose, my dear," chuckled McIntyre. "That man put a ten-cent piece in the plate. I saw him. It was a woman who gave the \$20. The man was a common swindler."

"So I imagined," purred Mrs. McIntyre, gently. "And so was the woman. I took that \$20 bill to bank to-day. They told me it was a cheap counterfeit. But," she added with an air of holy triumph, "I've got a good \$10 bill now in place of it. I'm almost sorry for that poor, misguided man!"

## Home Education.

The Squaring of the Circle.

"YOU might just as well," said the professor, concluding an argument, "attempt to square the circle."

"Why?" asked the professor's wife. "Because both are equally impossible," replied the professor, taking up his "Mensuration of Transcendentals."

"I don't see what there is so hard in squaring the circle," said the professor's wife. "It's been done often enough. I was looking at it in the kitchen only this morning."

"Peculiar place," said the professor, laying down the book, "under what guise is this problem lurking in the culinary department?"

"I don't know what 'guys' you refer to," said the professor's wife, "and I don't see any necessity for cheap slang, but the circle is squared all over the oil-cloth covering the kitchen table. The pattern is nothing more than a lot of circles, with the sides of squares touching them on the outside and the corners of other squares touching them on the inside. So you see it's done two ways. Why, it's a very common pattern. You may be all right with your higher mathematics, Charles, but these simple things are beyond you apparently."

"Thank you," said the professor, smiling, "for the 'apparently.' The design you refer to, however, does not solve the problem of squaring the circle. It is a totally different proposition."

"Well, then," said the professor's wife, "what is it?"

"To square the circle," replied the professor, leaning back and joining the tips of his fingers, "is to form a square the area of which must be exactly equal to the area of a given circle. Now, the exact ratio between the circumference of a circle and its diameter is not known, but it is a trifle over 3.14; that is, 3 and a decimal."

"Why isn't it known exactly?" asked the professor's wife.

"I don't know," said the professor, "but the impossibility of finding the correct ratio was decided upon before you and I came into the world, and we had better take it for granted. The area of the circle, of course, depends upon both the circumference and the diameter, and is—if you are intensely desirous of knowing—one-quarter of the square of the diameter multiplied by this 3.14 and the unknown trifle over. It is the unknown trifle over that prevents our measuring off a square ex-

actly equal in area to a circle. I wonder if you follow me?"

"Well," hesitated the professor's wife, "I think I do. But I certainly can't see why, if they got as far as the one-seventh, or the decimal, they couldn't finish it."

"It can be made more correct by continuing the decimal," said the professor, "but even the decimal is everlastingly continuous. For practical purposes 3.14159 is far enough, but it goes on forever really. And so mathematicians simply refer to this value for convenience by a Greek letter corresponding to the English letter 'p'."

"Oh, I love Greek letters," said the professor's wife, "which one is it?"

"It is 'p'!" said the professor; "so after all, there seems to be some connection between it and your kitchen, you see."

"Of course," returned the professor's wife, gayly. "If I wanted to find the area of a mince pie now—for instance?"

"It would surely be a mixture of the 'p' and 'p'!" said the professor, "and not unlikely to promote an acute attack of indigestion; so you had better relinquish the attempt."

"All right," said the professor's wife, "but what baby grows up to be going to square the circle. You see if he doesn't!"

"I hope," said the professor gravely, "that baby will not go in for wholesale bribery to that extent, but to change the metaphor, if he should actually discover the exact value of 'p,' he'll—"

"Never eat it," said the professor's wife. "I'd sooner give him breakfast food."

"Isn't he sunny enough now?" said the professor, resuming his "Mensuration of Transcendentals."

"What do you think of the Subway?"

"It's beneath my notice."

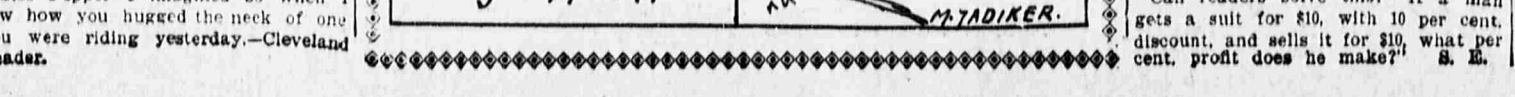
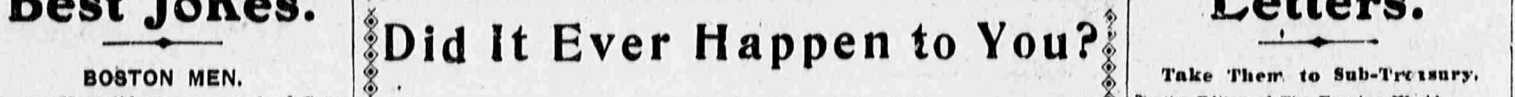
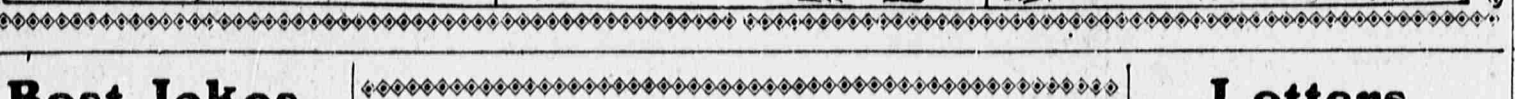
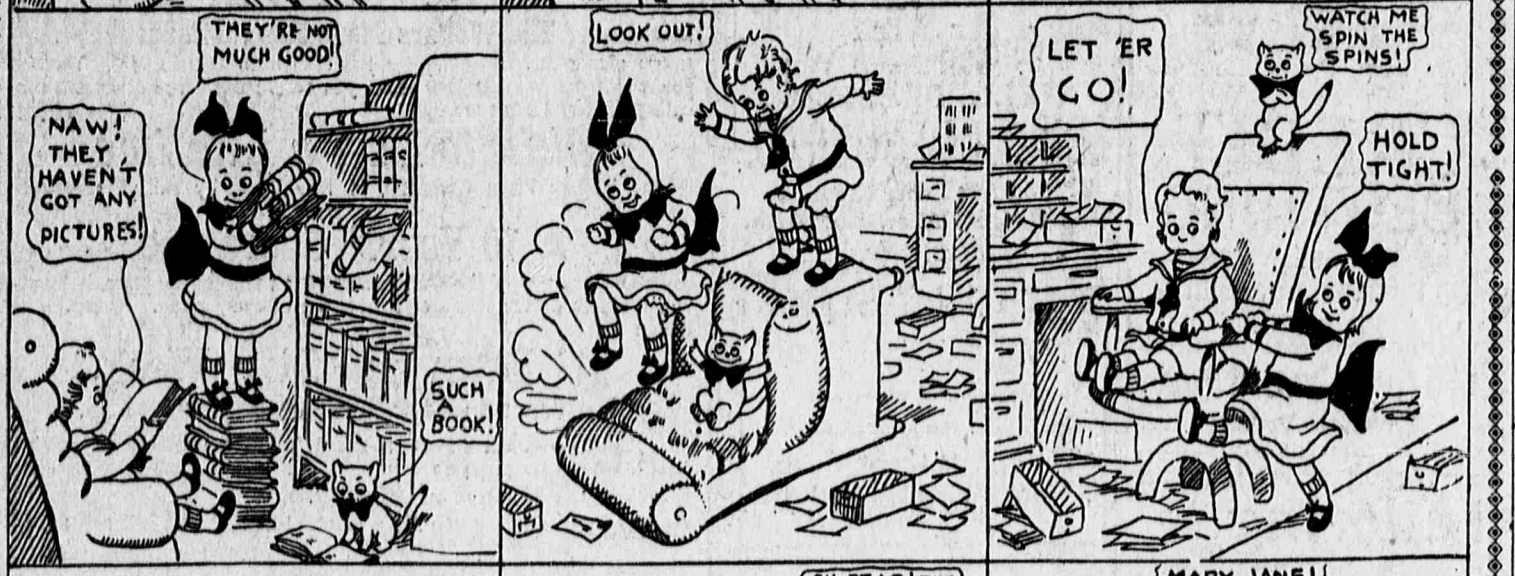
A Low Down Joke.

"What do you think of the Subway?"

"It's beneath my notice."

## Mary Jane Gets Into "Pop's" Den

She and Kickums Try His Rest Cure and Find It Really Exciting



## The Pessimist's Growl

By Alice Rohe.

"O H, this friendship business makes me mad," snapped the Pessimist.

"Why, friendship is a beautiful thing," said the Amateur Philosopher.

"Beautiful? I always did say you had no aesthetic sense. What is friendship anyway?" demanded the Pessimist, angrily. "And friends? Bah!"

"Friends are those who stick to you through adversity and trouble," said the Philosopher, dramatically.

"They do, do they? Well, you've not a different line of friends than any samples that have come my way. Friends are the most inopportune affairs that I've run up against since I've come to New York. Funny, isn't it, I never had and friends till I came here, and all the home folks decided I was the real thing. And let me tell you right here that it's worse than a boomerang, this thing of sending back glowing reports of your great success in New York."

"When the Eudora Baxoo comes out with your name played up on the front page as if you were a fire or the fall of Port Arthur and proceeds to tell in extravagant terms of how New York is prostrated before your genius you want to watch out for the first batch

of friends who are due to arrive. They'll be here to remind you of your early affection and incidentally to camp out at your flat and get a few introductions to John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. John Jacob Astor or any of your supposed pals. Nay, nay, talk not to me of friends."

"Old friends are sweeter than strangers," said the Amateur Philosopher.

"Glad you think so," said the Pessimist. "There are others like you. I know people who the minute they land in New York make a canvass of all the immigrants from their native heath and begin to get busy in the calling line—of the friendship. I'll bet you never had a friend look you up when you were down on your luck."

"Do I ever look up people just because they lived within a radius of ten miles of my old homestead? Not on your life. What did I come to New York for? Certainly not to try to transplant all the bores and drawbacks of my checkered childhood. I was glad to escape."

"Now, you needn't try to tell me anything about this friendship game. About all the hard luck I've had has come through my friends. It's a case of the villain still pursued her. I've been doling friends so much I feel like a criminal."

"Well, what's the escape?"

"You tell me that and I'll make you an honorary member in the Great Guild of Oppressed New Yorkers who are waiting to be saved from their friends."

THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

She came to me in a business whirl—I thought I was lucky to get her; I hired her—my beautiful typewriter girl.

She obeyed me—to the letter! She demure and without a flaw, No matter how early or late to her I spoke, it was final—my word was law.

I hired her, forsooth, to dictate to her.

Alas, but I married that maiden, and when I made her a partner and mate to me She lifted her eyes from the keys and pen And started right in to dictate to me!

—Aloysius Coll in Lippincott's Magazine.

## Best Jokes.

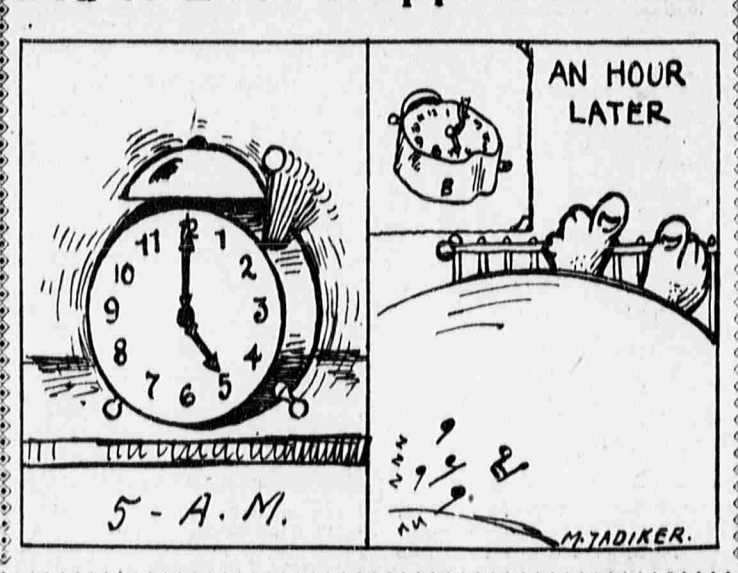
BOSTON MEN.  
Green—How did you come to lend Gray money? You don't know him.  
Brown—That's just it. It is the man one does know that one hesitates to lend money to.—Boston Transcript.

IT DEPENDS.  
Mrs. Bacon—Which do you think is the best talker—he or his wife?  
Mr. Bacon—Which do you mean for quality or quantity?—Yonkers Statesman.

A GOOD BEGINNING.  
She—I spend six hours a day trying to grow tall; it's the fashion, you know.  
He—Well, you've made a beginning, I see! Your face looks far longer than usual.—Detroit Free Press.

CLOSE ATTACHMENT.  
Cholly—D'ye know, Miss Pepper, I dearly love horses!  
Miss Pepper—I imagined so when I saw how you hugged the neck of one you were riding yesterday.—Cleveland Leader.

## Did It Ever Happen to You?



## Letters.

Take Them to Sub-Treasury.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What can a business man do with rubbed down dimes and Canadian dimes?  
N. M.

Diet Queries.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where can I read of a diet which will keep my stomach in a healthy condition? What do athletes eat? Are coffee, tea, etc., to be avoided?

Such a list of foods may be found at any public library or obtained from the instructions at one of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasiums. The use of tea and coffee is often detrimental to perfect health.

No.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is there any star called the Edison Star?  
L. D.

Another "Profit" Problem.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can readers solve this: "If a man gets a suit for \$10, with 10 per cent. discount, and sells it for \$10, what per cent. profit does he make?"  
B. E.

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial

Take the Ice Out of the Hudson River.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Planet Pub. Co.)

We noticed yesterday in journeying to Albany on a public mission that the Hudson River was FULL OF ICE!

This is of benefit to NO ONE but the New York Central Railroad, which belongs to the Vanderbilt family.

When the river is full of ice the boats CANNOT RUN!

When the BOATS can't run the CARS GET ALL THE BUSINESS. Thus a TRUST is created. WE DEMAND THAT THE ICE BE TAKEN OUT OF THE RIVER! The American Ice Company has PLENTY of big icehouses along the shore to put it in!

Let them dig the ice out and stow it away! Then the boats can run and THE TRUST WILL BE BUSTED. The ice will be useful next summer. It will cool cocktails for THE PEOPLE.



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.  
I WIN IT IN MOST CASES FOR WHEN THE CAT'S AROUND, YOU SEE, THE MOUSE WILL PLAY—THE RACES.